Northern Messenger

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The Love Brotherhood.

(The Rev. Isaac Ogden Rankin, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Now the springtide flood again
Comes to field and wood,
Bringing joyful thoughts to men,
And love's brotherhood.

Think how many hearts endured
All the winter through.
In the courage of that strength
Shalt not thou be true?

Think of all the hidden nests
In the boughs of May.
In the joy of all that joy
Shall not thou be gay?

Over all and under all
Think what fatherhood,
Sharing love and bearing loss
For a final good.

Hark to all the bliss that finds
Utterance in song.
With the love of all that love
Shalt not thou be strong?

Joy and love and courage live,
Though we faithless cower.
Up, my soul, and do thy part
In thy little hour.

Given Her What She Should Speak.

(Margaret Meredith, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Mrs. M. Baldwin Kirkpatrick, missionary, from Burma, tells this experience:

Po Hla, a little Shan boy, was sent down from the mountains by his Christian uncle to be a pupil in the mission school at Thibaw, in which she taught. After a while he accepted the Christian religion, and at twelve or thirteen accepted Christ as his Saviour. Proving clever and earnestly desiring to be a preacher to his people, he was sent to Rangoon to receive further education, and in due time passed through the academic and theological courses.

Returning to his native mountains, where Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were now established in a new mission, he had a grave talk with them. 'Teacher,' he said, 'and mamma, I have changed my mind, I know how much I owe you for teaching me, and for getting money and giving money for my teaching. I believe in the Lord Jesus, I love him and I shall always be his servant; but I do not see why I should not make money—cultivate rice fields, or trade, or take a government position,—and have things, like other men; and I would speak constantly all the while for Christ.' He knew the utter poverty of his mountain people, and had seen in Rangoon such different possibilities. 'I will preach faithfully for five years, and after that I will earn money and have what other men can have.'

Three years went by. During these years the missionaries had anxiously tried to teach and influence him in every way, but his purpose remained the same. 'We felt, too,' Mrs. Kirkpatrick said, 'that even his "five years," though honest, could not be a wholly consecrated service, fitted to have the most blessed results.

'One evening in my Bible class for the helpers and senior pupils, to which he belonged, he asked: "Mamma, I am God's child; he loves me, does he not?" "Yes, Po Hla, he loves you." "Does he not love all his children alike?" "Yes," "He is not partial." "No." "If I am his child, I shall go to heaven, shall I not?" "Yes." "And be just as happy as I can be?" "Yes." "Well then, so far as I am concerned—never mind other considerations now,—but keeping to this point, how can I be any better off if I live and die a preacher than if I live and die an ordinary, good Christian man?"

'This was a question asked in the class, and I answered it in the class, but with an intensely appealing cry first that an answer should be given me. "You know, Po Hla, that the reward and blessedness that you would win as a common workingman would be as great as any preacher's if you were shut in to that, if you were sure that you were doing just what you believed God wanted you to do. But, let us suppose a Sawbwa (a prince), rich and powerful and good. (They delight in illustrations, and in Swabwas). He has two sons, a grown one and a little baby. He loves them both devotedly—is not the least partial.

'"Suppose he buys a handsome, European bicycle to give to one of them, he will give it to his dear little baby, will he not?" "Oh, no, mamma!" cried a chorus. "Why not? He loves them both alike." "Oh, but, mamma, the baby couldn't do anything with a bicycle." "He will give it to the grown son, then?" "Yes, certainly."

'"Well, he has a fine, spirited horse to give, he will give that to the baby instead, won't he?" "Oh, no!" "To the grown son?" "Yes." "But, why? He loves them both alike, wishes them both to have every pleasure." "But a baby wouldn't have any pleasure in a spirited horse; he couldn't ride it. He couldn't care for it a bit."

'"Then he gave one of them a great big bag of rupees. Of course he gave that to the baby? Poor baby, there had been nothing for him; surely he ought to have the rupees." The class seemed a little restless at such continued folly on my part, but they could not resist asseverating that a baby wouldn't know how to use money.

'Well, at any rate, the Swabwa could do the best things of all for the baby, he could counsel with him, and could have him as his invaluable assistant; he could take him to share in his governing of the country; above all, he could have him as his close friend." The helpers vaguely looked at me; only the younger scholars answered "mamma" at all—talking in this way, as she never did before. Po Hla's head had gradually sunk upon his breast. The class was dismissed.

A week or two afterward, at the church covenant meeting. Po Hla rose and said: "I am very much ashamed of myself. I have been so selfish. Now I have asked God to forgive me; and I ask you to forgive me. I see now as Paul did: 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.' If I never get one pice of salary, I shall preach to my people all my life."

'God had given me the mouth and wisdom for which I had turned to him in my helplessness. It was that simple illustration, sent to me, which flashed light from heaven into Po Hla's brilliant mind, and transformed his purpose, deciding him to present himself a living sacrifice to his poor, low-down Shan countrymen.'

He is ministering to them to-day, in poverty like theirs; happy and a blessing.

THE STARVING MILLIONS IN CHINA.

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Twenty cents will save a life for a week.

One dollar will save a family of five for a week.

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Further contributions to the relief fund are invited. All sums received will be acknowledged in these columns. the following amounts are gratefully acknowledged:

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Total	$5,247.52

SAVE ONE CHILD.

How can we help when we have planned so much work and pledged ourselves to give to our utmost already? This is the question asked by many churches and individuals who long to give to the Chinese Famine Fund. Perhaps the actual experience of one whose heart was touched by the need will answer the question.

Belonging to a small struggling congregation which had just bought a lot, and planned to build a new church, knowing that every member was already giving and working to what seemed the limit of their ability to keep up their home and foreign offerings, it seemed useless to attempt an appeal for anything more, and yet—'the children were dying.'

With the help of several children and members of the family, slips of paper were prepared, bearing this clause: 'Five cents will keep one child alive for a week—will you give five cents?'

Space was left below for ten names, and those slips were offered in the Sunday school to those who cared to take them. The result more than justified the effort, for in one week over thirty dollars was collected.

Those who had slips hardly needed to ask for the money, for not only their own families, but friends, neighbors, and acquaintances hearing of the fact, brought the small sums they had longed to give, yet had hardly felt to be worth sending.

All gifts will be acknowledged in these columns.

Address all contributions, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Que.

China's Famine Spreading.

Late despatches from China by cable, supplemented by mail advices, indicate that the great famine in the three provinces adjacent to the Grand Canal, is slowly but surely extending. Enormous masses of the population are in danger of perishing from starvation and exposure.

Some of the accounts that reach us from Shanghai, tell of awful misery and suffering. The Viceroy of one of the afflicted provinces, states that the famine is 'ten times worse than any known in the last forty years.' He tells of a family consisting of husband, wife, and two children, in which the mother went foraging for food, and during her absence the father threw the children into the river and drowned them. On her return the mother asked for her children, and was told that the father could not bear to see them gradually starving to death, and there was no chance of feeding them, so he made away with them. The mother, greatly distressed, flung herself into the river, following her children. The head of the family, in utter despair at the loss of his all, took his life also. The whole family thus perished.

Many suicides are taking place, and parents are drowning their children because of their inability to provide them with food. Children are being sold at from one to three dollars each, and household goods, farming implements and cattle are also being disposed of to provide food for their immediate needs. Actual cases are known in which girls have been sold for $3, and boys for $2. Worst of all, there are stories current of actual cannibalism, but these reports do not come from the officials, who are trying to cover up the facts by vague statements and denials, although the general impression is that they are only too true.

A correspondent of the 'Echo de Chine' says that in two districts, Sinchow and Paichow, starving and desperate people are eating their children, all the plants, grasses and roots having been exhausted. This correspondent adds that there have been many cases of cannibalism. He personally investigated several, and found them only too true. Human flesh, in some few localities, is actually being sold for food, although the ghoulish traffic was conducted secretly.

At Woosung a great number of famine refugees have arrived lately. They were actually naked, with the exception of a few rags round their loins, and the women huddled their equally naked children to their breasts in regular Chinese fashion. They had the awful wolfish stare of starving people, which, when once seen, is not easily forgotten. Some of them ventured to snatch a few grains of burnt rice, which had been placed on a mat in the sunshine to dry. These refugees had tramped all the way from the province of Honan. The North China 'Daily News' says: 'They were the first contingent of a large number who had broken through the cordon instituted by the local officials. The impression seems to be gaining ground, that the extent and magnitude of this calamity has not yet been realized by most people. It threatens to equal the appalling famines which, nearly thirty years ago, devastated the northern provinces, and destroyed hundreds of thousands of people.'—'Christian Herald.'

Good Books You Have Read.

It would be difficult to find a better use for good religious books than to place them in the hands of native preachers, who read English, on foreign mission fields. There are many such books lying idle on ministers' bookshelves and on those of other people. Of course we do not mean ancient volumes which have outlived their usefulness anywhere. Send the superfluous books of your modern stock, express prepaid, to the American Board rooms, Congregational House, Boston, or to some other Mission Home, and they will soon be put to work in Turkey, India, and other lands.

LESSON.—SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1907.

Moses Called to Deliver Israel.

Ex. iii., 1-14. Memory verses, 2-4. Read Ex. 3-4.

Golden Text.

And he said, certainly I will be with thee. —Ex. iii., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 27.—Ex. iii., 1-14.
Tuesday, May 28.—Ex. iii., 15; iv., 9
Wednesday, May 29.—Ex. iv., 10-23.
Thursday, May 30.—Ex. iv., 27; v., 5.
Friday, May 31.—Ex. v., 6-23.
Saturday, June 1.—Ex. vi., 1-13.
Sunday, June 2.—Jer. i., 1-19.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can tell me how old the little baby Moses was when he was put in that funny little papyrus boat and placed on the river Nile? Yes, just three months old. But how old was he when he ran away from Egypt because he had killed the cruel taskmaster? Yes, he was forty years old, and a strong, brave man. He had been too hasty, and didn't seem to have nearly enough patience though. God had planned that Moses should lead the Israelites out of Egypt and it would need a very careful patient man to do that, so God sent Moses where he could learn patience. At the time when our lesson opens to-day, Moses was eighty years old, he had spent forty years in the wilderness looking after cattle, sheep, or goats. That must have seemed a strange life first of all to the man who had been brought up as a prince of the royal house. It was just what he needed, however, and it was in this life rather than in life at the court of Egypt that God at last spoke to him.

Let the children recall the shepherds who watched their sheep near Bethelehem when Christ was born, and how frightened they were at the appearance of the angels; this will lead up to the surprise and fear of Moses at the burning bush.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This lesson is crowded with interest and with matters for discussion in the more questioning classes. The simpler method of the straight story study and practical application to our life of the lessons involved, would but suit others. But such questions as why God chose so frequently to symbolize himself in fire (Mal. iii., 2, 3; II. Thes. ii., 8; Heb. xii., 28, 29), and how far we can see that it is a fitting symbol of him, in its purifying power, its brightness, and its destruction of all that is not of lasting worth, are well worth stopping to consider. It is also of interest to remark how that while God expects humility he is not pleased by self depreciation. God gives us various powers and does not desire us to despise and neglect them any more than to boast of and exaggerate them. God never calls us to a work beyond our strength; and if at times our duty seems beyond our strength we can recall the message given by Moses himself forty years later that 'the eternal God is our refuge; and underneath are the everlasting arms' (Deut. xxxiii., 27).

SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.'

Verse 7. I have surely seen. Hebrew, seeing I have seen. It is not so much certainty as continued looking that is implied. Rawlinson.

Verse 14. I am that I am. The text expresses the truth that God's nature, while manifesting itself actively, can not be defined in terms of any other substance, but can be measured only by itself. Hence it includes also the further truths that being not determined by anything external to Himself, He is consistent with Himself, and unchangeable.—Driver.

The word Jehovah is a combination of three Hebrew words, which may be translated into an English form thus: Yehi, 'He will be,' Hove, 'being,' and Hahyah, 'He was.' A combination is made from the three words by taking the first syllable of the first Yehi, the middle syllable of the second hove, and the last syllable of the third hahyah, so that we have the name Yehovah. The whole name means, 'He that will be, He that is, He that was.' If the mind reach out to the limitless stretches of future generations, God says, 'I am He that will be.' If men think of the present moment, with all its marvellous manifestations of life and order and mystery and revelation, God says, 'I am He that is.' If the mind carried as far back as possible into infinite spaces of the past, God says, 'I am He that was.'—G. Campbell Morgan, in 'The Ten Commandments.'

Move to the fore.
Say not another is fitter than thou—
Shame to the manhood that sits on thy brow!
Own thyself equal to all that man may.
Cease thine evading; God needs thee to-day,
Move to the fore!

—James Buckham.

Beware of despairing about yourself; you are commanded to put your trust in God and not in yourself.—Augustine.

The commands of God are opportunities.—Little.

FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.'

Verve 1. Now Moses kept (R. V., 'was keeping') the flock of Jethro. Also called Reuel. How the Bible glorifies labor! Amos the farmer-shepherd; David the shepherd; Paul the tent-maker; Peter, James, John, the fishermen; Christ the carpenter! It was while Moses was about his common task, that the great vision came to him.

Verse 5. Put off thy shoes (sandals) from off thy feet. Orientals remove their shoes on entering a place of worship, or approaching an important personage. Holy ground. Holy, because of the manifested presence of God. 'We are not to treat all places alike. When a man loses his sense of religious awe, he has exhausted the supreme fountain of spiritual joy.'—Joseph Parker.

Verse 12. Ye shall serve God upon this mountain. 'The fixing of that future meeting place would serve to give confidence to Moses by showing a resolute, clear purpose on the part of God.'—Macgregor. 'It was as if a general should overcome the hesitation of a lieutenant appointed to a difficult task, and show his confidence that all would turn out right, by engaging him to dine with him in a certain house after the work should be done.' —Blaikie.

'Ah, better a thousand times had it been for him to trust God for speech than be thus deposed from his premiership! Aaron shaped the golden calf, and wrought folly in Israel, and became a thorn in the side of the saint of God. And probably in the eyes of their contemporaries Aaron engrossed the greater attention, and had most of the honor and credit of the great deliverance.'—F. B. Meyer.

'Not always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear,
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer,—

Not always thus, with outward sign
Of fire or voice from Heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God is given!'

—Whittier.

We must look for God's call in the abilities he gives us, the circumstances in which he places us, the opportunities he opens before us, the advice of wise friends, and the quiet promptings of conscience.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Acts vii., 29-35; Heb. xi., 24-27; Mark xii., 26, 27; Isa. vi; Jer. i., 4-10; Isa. xlv., 6; Isa. iv., 8; Job. xxxiii., 14, 15; Psa. cxlv., 18; Num. xii., 3.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 2.—Topic—How to realize the presence of Christ. John xiv., 15-23. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE PROPHETS.

Monday, May 27.—God sent the prophets. II. Chron. xxiv., 19.

Tuesday, May 28.—They were His messengers. II. Chron. xxxvi., 14-16.

Wednesday, May 29.—The messages they brought. II. Kings xvii., 13.

Thursday, May 30.—Listen to the prophets. Jer. xxvi., 1-3.

Friday, May 31.—Believe the prophets. II. Chron. xx., 20.

Saturday, June 1.—A sure word of prophecy. II. Pet. i., 19-21.

Sunday, June 2.—God's prophets and their messages. Jer. xxv., 4-7. (Consecration meeting).

God Disposes.

On the eve of Napoleon's departure for Russia, where, with his 'grand army' he intended to subdue the Czar and his subjects, he was detailing the scheme to a noble lady. Startled by his arrogance, she tried to check him, quoting the proverb, 'Man proposes and God disposes.' 'Madam, I propose and dispose too,' returned the emperor in haughty anger. A few months later the snows and storms of that terrible winter, wrecking the finest and costliest military expedition of its day, gave Napoleon a decisive and providential answer.—'The Sunday Companion.'

John Ruskin Says—

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

Hints.

Boys who have the reputation of being 'terrors' never trouble me very much, if they possess a sense of honor, for I remember, 'The more of kindly strength is the soil, the more doth evil seed and lack of culture near it, and make it run to wildness.' It is my place to plant the good seed well watered and tended. —Florence L. Ives.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS and Christian Workers who know the 'Messenger,' believe it to be a powerful influence for good, and are glad to see it win an entrance into other schools. Just at this time, owing to new postal regulations, many Sunday-Schools will be making a change in their paper, and we would respectfully solicit the co-operation of our friends in introducing the 'Messenger' into many other Canadian Schools. A copy shown to a teacher in another Sunday-School, with a word as to its merits and its low price, would be doing a real service to the Sunday-School in question, and would be greatly appreciated by the publishers. Read our 'Special Offer to Sunday-Schools' on last page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

And so when Caffer asked him if he had seen anything of Phil Lambert, he replied,

'No, I ain't, but I've seen his wife, poor soul! Caffer, I knoa that you've gotten a kind heart o' your own. I wish you wad go wi' me efter t' wedding. You can do another good fellow as good a turn, an' better then 'you ivver did i' your life. Will yo' oblige me'?'

'Ah wad do owt fo' you, Aaron, owd friend, same as iverybody else i' Netherbro' wad, if they had the chance.'

'Ah believe you wad, George. Ah believe you wad; if nobbut you—but niver mind that. Ah'll wait fo' yo' at t' chotch door.'

The marriage service was very impressive and affecting. The vicar put his heart into his work, and in a few well-chosen words as an addendum to the ordinary ritual, treated, not only the wedding-party, but the spectators, to a display of feeling not too common on such occasions.

Old Aaron Brigham was delighted and thankful to observe that the eyes of George Caffer were well filled with tears which he furtively wiped away. The two men met at the church door, according to arrangement, and as they sauntered along the churchyard path, Aaron said,

'They seem to be mekin' a happy start, them two young folks, George. I'se hopeful that they'll be both comfortable an' prosperous. It's rare thing for them that Walter's dead again drink, now, isn't it?'

'Ah weean't deny it, Aaron. I isn't such a fool as not to knoa. Drink's the devil, an' ruins everything. Ah knoa what's best if Ah don't do it. Ah nabbut wish Ah did.'

Caffer sighed heavily as he spoke, and Aaron—prayed. As they approached the little barber's shop, a low and mean looking abode, though it did stand in the market-place, Caffer became slightly restive.

'Wheear are we goin'? Ah don't want shavin',' said he, with a faint smile at his own small joke.

'Mebbe not,' replied the old man, just then in his most genial mood. 'The errand we've come on is to do a kindness for another, not for owt we want ourselves. Come in.'

Aaron turned in at the doorway underneath the barber's pole, whose stripes of white and red, and whose gilded knob sadly needed such brightening up as painter Caffer could only supply, for Netherborough held George Caffer to be 'a splendid fellow at his trade,' a knight of the brush that all Yorkshire would 'find it hard to beat.'

Aaron Brigham walked straight through the shop into the small living-room, that lay to the right of it, and was followed by Caffer, who did not feel much at home, although he had, in days 'lang syne,' been there before.

The scene that greeted Caffer's shrinking gaze was of a widely different sort. The room was clean. Susie Lambert held by that relic of the old and happy times, and would do, though she died on her knees with the pail by her side, and the floor-cloth in her feeble hand. But the evidences of the most sordid poverty and starvation were on every hand. 'Susie,' as Caffer himself used to call her in neighborlike and familiar fashion in the old, respectable days, was seated in an old arm-chair, her head reclining on a pillow, and her face all but as white as it, for Susie must have clean linen, that is to say, so far as she can have it at all. There was nothing on the blank walls of the room except a colored print or two, unframed, and tacked on with nails, which had been given to the children by their teachers at the Sunday School. What little furniture there was left was broken, and all but worthless, wretched relics of happier times. There was no fire in the grate, though the year was rapidly creeping on to chill November, and Yorkshire folks are partial to a 'bit o' fire' pretty well all the year round. On the table was a quartern loaf, a bit of 'dripping,' a substitute for the butter that might not be had, and a mug of tea, the gift of a neighbor, who knew that Susie Lambert was 'varry bad,' which means that she was ill, very ill indeed. Two or three children, also clean, considering, but wan and thin, and little more than half clad, were sitting on the floor, the eldest trying to keep quiet a baby which was loudly protesting in its own way that it wanted food.

The sight was pitiful, most pitiful, and George Caffer felt a creeping feeling of horror stealing over him—and of shame.

'Why, Susie, my lass,' he said, 'I niver knew that things was so bad as this wi' yo'. Hoo d'ye feel this mornin'?'

'Feel?' said the poor, despairing woman, 'I don't feel; I've gotten past it; an' if it wasn't for t' bairns, nowt would suit me sae weel as layin' me down to dee.'

'Nay, nay, nay!' said Caffer, with a burst of feeling, 'that can't be; that shan't be. Ah'll—'

'How can it be helped, George Caffer, while you and Phil spend half your time and all your money at the "Black Swan?" O, George, George! You were a good, kind fellow once; but I wish to God my husband had niver known yo', an' that you had niver darkened our door! Ah'm goin' te dee, George Caffer,' continued the excited woman, lifting up her two thin hands as if about to imprecate the judgment of heaven, 'and I call—'

'Stop, Susie, stop. Ah can't bide it!' said the scared painter. 'Ah's sorry an' 'sham'd. What can I do—'

'Do!' said the woman, springing to her feet, and placing her trembling hands on Caffer's shoulder, 'Ah'll tell yo' what yo' can do.' Here she dropped her voice to a hoarse whisper: 'You took my man Phil te t' "Black Swan," an', this is what's come on it. George Caffer, bring him out again, an' Ah'll bless yo' on my bended knees!'

Susie Lambert could say no more, she sank all but exhausted into her chair, with her questioning eyes fixed, fixed like barbed hooks, on Caffer's face. The look held him, drew him. For one moment he made a pause.

'Speak, George, lad, an' save 'er life,' said old Aaron, who had been a silent observer, and a talker with God.

'Susie!' said Caffer, and there was a look on his face that had not been there for many a long year. 'What you ask me shall be done. Ah'll bring Phil oot o' t' "Black Swan," an' A'll keep him oot. Ah will, Susie, Ah will, owd lass. Ah will by the help of God!'

'Cheer up, Mrs. Lambert,' chimed in the delighted Aaron, 'I've faith i' George, I'll help him all I can, an' you an' me both on us knoa hoo to ask of God.' Here he put a little money on the table, quietly, promised to send his housekeeper, Esther, to help her, and left the room. Caffer had seen the coin secretly laid upon the table, and his heart went out to the old man in love and honor. He had but one coin, half-a-crown in his pocket, but it quietly went to bear the old man's shilling company.

'I think you can save poor Susie's life, friend Caffer. I think you can save Phil, poor fellow, both body and soul.'

But Caffer had become strangely quiet. Not one word did he say. Aaron pressed him a little.

'Don't you think sae, George?' he said, gently and persuasively. Caffer stood still, and said, as he looked anxiously at his venerable companion,

'But hoo sall Ah save myself, Aaron? There's the rub. Ah niver thowt about that till Ah lost sight o' poor Susie Lambert's white feeace. Ah wad if Ah could, but—'

'Could!' said Aaron, laughing lightly, as if in the fulness of a great confidence, but quite as well aware as Caffer of the difficulties in the way. 'Could! Of course you can. You an' the Lord God Almighty can do that, George, my boy, an' a good deal more. I should like to help you at it, an' I've just thowt of a way. Lily Lodge wants paintin' badly, both ootside an' in. I been thinkin' o' levin' it done for a year or two back. It'll want two cooats o' paint at least, mebbe three. Noo I'll give the job to yo', and I'll feed an' sleep you while it's done. We can agree aboot that when we seetle aboot wages. Or I can feed yo' an' yo' can sleep at your oan hoose. My Esther can mek' yo' as mitch tea an' coffee as yo' like, or you can ha' milk—owt that I can get yo' but beer or ony of its relations. They'll niver come into Lily Lodge until Good Friday fals on Ash Wednesday an' nut then.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

So Aaron was minded to keep his hand on Caffer, and even if the painting of Lily Lodge is done without permanent effect upon the man, he will find some way of keeping up the siege, until the citadel is captured, and the 'strong man armed' expelled for ever. Yes, Caffer's soul was all alive with hope; his heart throbbed with a new life; his face bore the glow of a high resolve.

'Aaron Brigham,' said he, grasping him by the hand, 'by the mercy of God and you, I'm a saved man!'

'God grant it,' said Aaron Brigham, and the angels said, 'Amen!'

'When sall Ah begin?' said Caffer.

'Why, just noo, to be sure, things 'll want cleanin' doon before you put t' paint on. Let's get to work at once.'

Nothing loath, the painter went with him to Lily Lodge, and was soon at work with pail and soap and scrubbing brush, preparing the woodwork for its first coat of paint. Esther Harland was told to provide him with something to drink, and then, as soon as he well could, Aaron Brigham went in search of Phil Lambert, on whom he had designs of a similar sort. He could not help smiling at the thought that as he had captured Caffer by the bait of Phil Lambert's possible salvation, and of his wife's recovered health and happiness, so he would try to save Lambert by holding out the same inducement. Caffer might be rescued from the drunkard's fate if Phil Lambert would join him, Aaron Brigham, in this holy hunt for the emancipation of a soul. That was the way he meant to put it. As he paced the Spaldon Road towards the little shop in the market-place with its variegated pole, the prayers of the good man were neither few nor feeble that in this mission also God might be with him.

The barber was not at home; he very seldom was. 'Ha you ony idea where I shall drop on to him?' he asked the eldest girl, who was standing at the shop-door with the restless baby in her arms.

'I expect you'll niver miss 'im if yo' call at the "Black Swan."' she said. 'Feyther's there a good deal mair then he's here. Ah wish he'd stop there, that I do.'

(To be continued.)

Down by the Brook.

Down by the brook in the meadow green,
'Jack-in-the-pulpit' a sermon preached.
Some 'Quaker Ladies' to meeting came,
And silent sat till the end was reached.

The stately 'Cardinal' could not come.
Violet, Daisy, and Lily were there,
And others whose names I need not tell,
An audience large, and wondrous fair.

His text was, 'If God so clothe the grass,'
And he spoke of a Heavenly Father's love,
Which is over all, to his humblest child,
As the bright blue sky is the earth above.

Then a robin sang an anthem sweet
A sparrow chirped, 'For me he doth care.'
And not a note of distrust or doubt
Disturbed the congregation there.

'Twas a message of faith and hope and trust.
And I, as I sat 'neath a shady tree,
Listening and looking at flower and bird,
I found that the sermon was preached to me.

—'Presbyterian.'

'God is Not Mocked.'

But if I plan a little sin,
So small no eye can enter in?
Thou fool! if thine own soul can see,
What need for God to look at thee?

—Evelyn Phinney in the March 'Century.'

A Brave Coward.

(Mrs. Cassie Ashton-Johnson, in the New York 'Observer.')

'Coward! Coward!' rang out from a dozen jeering voices.

'It's a lie! and every one of you know it. Jack Hunter is the bravest boy among you. Because he refused to fight is all the more reason that he is not a coward. I'm proud to count him as my friend, and I am so ashamed of the rest of you, I shall have nothing to say to you until you have apologized to Jack. I've half a mind to report you to papa. You need not expect any more favors from me very soon.'

'Come, Jack,' she added, turning her back on the others; 'we are going after the mail, and I came to ask you to go with us, when I heard what those rude boys were saying to you.'

'Papa said I could choose whichever boy I pleased to go this morning. There are a good many errands to do,and we are to have dinner in town. Won't that be fine?' and the little lady smiled her sweetest on Jack.

Elmwood Hill was the name of a home school for boys. Here from twenty to thirty boys, whose ages ranged from fourteen to eighteen years, were fitted for college. Mr. and Mrs. Lennox had charge of this school, and were like a father and mother to the boys. They believed in individual training and were very wise and judicious.

Their only child, Madge, was twelve years old, and a universal favorite with the entire school, and the worst punishment that could befall them was to be under her displeasure. She was a sweet, winsome little maiden, who radiated sunshine wherever she went. It was seldom that she lost her temper, but her sense of justice was so strong that she could not keep still when she heard Jack Hunter called a coward.

If she only could, wouldn't she tell those boys a few things which would open their eyes, but she had no right to tell other people's secrets. It fairly made her blood boil with righteous indignation when she contrasted Jack with the other boys. They were all the sons of wealthy men, except Jack, and had an unlimited amount of money to spend. They often called him stingy, because he wore old clothes and never treated as the rest did. They knew his uncle was educating him and sent a generous allowance every month, and saw no reason why he should spend so little on himself.

Only Mr. and Mrs. Lennox and Madge knew his secret, or why he pinched and went without all the little luxuries so dear to a boy's heart, and many things that he really needed. His father had died when Jack was a tiny lad, and his frail, delicate mother had strained every nerve to make the ends meet. Jack's grandfather was a wealthy man, but a proud one, and because his son had married a poor girl, he had disinherited him and left the bulk of his large estate to an elder son.

When Jack was twelve years old his uncle sent his lawyer to say that he desired the boy to be given a first-class education at his expense, but that he had no desire to meet or have anything to do with his brother's widow.

Elmwood Hill was decided upon as the most suitable school for Jack, and fortunately it was less than a hundred miles distant from Jack's modest home. It was not long before the quiet, manly lad had won his way into the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox and their little daughter, and when he told them of his life and his poor, brave little mother and his dear sister, they were even more interested than they had been before. When his first cheque was handed the lad with his uncle's letter stating that he desired the boy to be as well dressed as his companions, and that he should send him an allowance every month, the lad broke down completely, and putting his head in Mrs. Lennox's lap, wept bitterly.

After the storm was over he asked Mrs. Lennox if she thought it would be wronging his uncle if he sent the greater part of his allowance to his mother. When she told him he had a perfect right to use it as he saw fit, his face brightened and he said: 'To know that mother can have some of the comforts that she actually needs and that sister Margaret can be dressed like other children will do me more good than all the new clothes and spending money in the world.'

He had been two years in school, at the opening of this little narrative, and had proved himself an apt pupil. He was not a favorite with the boys. They did not understand him, nor he them. They were not worse than the average boy, but selfish and thoughtless, and always on the lookout for a good time.

Mr. Lennox had no idea how much Jack had been made to suffer at their hands, nor how bravely he had borne it, and uncomplainingly. At different times two or three had tried to pick a quarrel with him, and on the morning referred to above the oldest of their number, Joseph Grant, had knocked him down, and when two of the younger boys had urged him to fight he had started to walk away.

When Jack had left home for school his mother had counselled him wisely, and he had promised her that whatever came he would be true to her teachings, and that he would try never to fight. As a little boy he had been quick and impetuous, and hard to control, but his love for his mother had taught him many lessons, not the least of which was controlling his temper. A pained look on her face had more effect than the severest punishment.

A month later three or four of the boys were in swimming a mile from Elmwood Hill, but contrary to rule, they had gone in without a teacher. It was one Saturday late in the fall. Joseph Grant was taken with cramps while in the lake, the water being colder than usual, and he having but recently recovered from a little sick spell.

'Help! help! help!' rang out clear and distinctly from his three companions, who tried in vain to rescue him.

Jack Hunter had received permission to walk to town, and was on his way when he heard the cries of distress. Throwing off his clothes as he ran, he was soon in the water. As Joe rose for the third time he grasped him firmly and swam to shore with his burden. He sent for a barrel by one of the boys, and worked over him most energetically until the teachers could get there. Before a physician could reach the place Jack had the satisfaction of knowing that his courage and presence of mind had saved his schoolmate's life.

Mr. Lennox was away for the day, and it was evening before he returned to hear the story. Jack was a modest boy and had preferred to spend the afternoon quietly in his own room, reading and writing, to meeting his schoolmates or teachers that day. Mrs. Lennox had invited him to have supper with Madge and herself in their own private sitting room, as she occasionally did on a holiday. Madge had asked the privilege of informing her father when he arrived of the day's happenings before he saw the other boys, for she had something of importance to say to him.

It was almost bedtime when a gentle tap sounded on Jack's door, and upon opening it Madge said, 'Papa has come and wishes to see you in his study. You are the bravest boy I know, and I am prouder than ever of you to-day.'

'Well, Jack, I hear strange things about you during my absence. You seem to be a pretty brave coward. Madge has been telling me a long story about your sufferings at the hands of the other boys since you have been in our school. I wish she had told me before, but I had always taught her not to be a tale-bearer. Perhaps it is just as well, for you have taught Joe Grant and the other boys a lesson which they are not likely soon to forget. I hear that they feel very much humiliated at their conduct, and are anxious to make amends. God bless you, my boy, and help you to grow into as noble and brave a man as you give promise of being. I am proud of you, and wish from the bottom of my heart that you were my son.'

Joe Grant's apology was very sincere and humble, and a week later a package was left at the door addressed to 'Jack Hunter.' Upon opening it a handsome gold watch was displayed, with the following inscription on the inside of the case: 'Presented to Jack Hunter for his bravery, from his sincere friend, Joseph Grant. November 19, 1903.'

Accompanying the package was a touching letter from the parents of Joe, thanking him most earnestly for saving their son's life.

Mr. Lennox wrote a detailed account of the accident and the bravery of the lad to the Hon. Cyrus Hunter (Jack's uncle), and extended a most cordial invitation for him to spend a week with them at Elmwood Hill and make his nephew's acquaintance.

The end is not yet. The proud uncle was very gracious to the lad and invited him to spend his holiday vacation at his beautiful city home, and he now speaks of him in glowing terms to his friends. 'He is one of the bravest boys I ever knew and a credit to any family,' he was heard to remark to a particular friend. He even went so far as to send his sister-in-law and niece a box of lovely gifts at Christmas. Who knows but he will

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lay aside his pride and prejudice and make amends for his father's harshness? Jack is not at all spoiled by his brave deed or the flattering things that have been said about him. He is the same manly boy and devoted son that we first knew. Mr. Lennox, with a merry twinkle in his eye, occasionally speaks of him before the other boys as the 'bravest coward' he ever knew.

Hans Christian Andersen, the Poor Poet.

I am sorry for the children (if there are any), and quite as sorry for the grown-up people, who cannot enjoy Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. They make us laugh, and sometimes they make us feel inclined to cry; and some of them, such as the Egyptian Princess, are so like beautiful dreams, that when we come to the end we feel as if we had awakened, and would give anything to go to sleep again and go on with the dream. Hans Andersen was a true poet; he looked at the world with a poet's eyes, which see everything brightened and beautiful by the poet's fancy.

He was quite the opposite of the man described by Wordsworth, to whom a primrose was just a primrose and nothing more. A primrose, or even a much less interesting object, at once inspired him with all sorts of fancies; and one who knew him in middle life said that it was impossible for him to sit down to luncheon without making up some story about the loves of the mustard-pot and the salt-spoon!

A happy life, you will say, such a man must have had, but the truth is that Hans Andersen had for many years to fight not only against poverty, but also against failure, against being laughed at and misunderstood, which to a sensitive spirit like his was a much harder trial.

He was born in Odensecat in Denmark, on the 2nd of April, 1805. His father was a shoemaker, so poor, that when he and his wife set up house he could not afford a bedstead, but bought for the purpose a wooden framework covered with black cloth which had been made to support the coffin of a nobleman. The shoemaker led a lonely life; he did not make friends, but spent his spare time in reading, and on Sundays delighted in taking little Hans out into the woods, and passing the day there in quiet. He made a little puppet-show for the child, which taught him early to love acting. Hans's grandmother had charge of a garden at a lunatic asylum, and the boy used to play there, and would sometimes see the mad ladies, who told him wonderful stories that greatly impressed his childish imagination.

France and Germany were at war when Hans was nine years old. His father had an intense admiration for Napoleon, and enlisted in a corps of volunteers. Peace was concluded, and he returned home without having seen active service, but in failing health. It was not long after his return that he was taken ill and died.

This was a sad loss for poor little Hans. A new interest happily came to distract his mind; he was engaged to read aloud to a Madame Bunkeflod, whose husband had been a pastor, and also a poet of some note. Hans had learnt reading, with a little writing, and less arithmetic, at a charity school. Now he saw the delight books can give, and heard the dead poet's praises.

'I, too, will be a poet,' he said, greatly excited.

So he went to work and wrote a tragedy. It was very much a tragedy, for all the persons in it had to die! The news of this performance went abroad among the neighbors, and they all wished to hear the tragedy. Some praised it, but far more laughed both at it and him. Hans went home and cried all night. His mother could not make him stop till she threatened to give him a good beating as well.

He summoned courage to try again, and introduced a prince and princess. But here he found himself in a difficulty; he had not the least idea how royal people talked—not like ordinary mortals, he felt sure. So to make their conversation as fine as it ought to be, he sprinkled it with German and French words. This performance was still more laughed at, and the boys in the street used to run after him and call him the play-writer.

His mother meantime was growing poorer and poorer. She had to work. Hans must be made to earn a living, so to a factory he was sent.

Hans was not at all happy at the factory. At first he amused the workmen immensely by singing Danish songs in his beautiful voice, and acting scenes from the plays of the great Danish writer, Holberg, so that they made the other boys do his work while he amused them. After a while, however, they grew tired of this, and then Hans was exposed to every sort of petty persecution. At last he went home crying, and entreated his mother never to let him return to the factory. She consented, for she had only sent him there to keep him out of mischief. Some of her friends now suggested that he should become an actor, but his mother only knew of strolling players, so she determined to apprentice him to a tailor.

Meantime the boy sat at home and read. His favorite book was a translation of Shakespeare. He made little cardboard figures, dressed them up, and made them act 'King Lear' and the 'Merchant of Venice.' His mother encouraged him, for she was glad the future tailor should teach himself to sew, and Hans did not dislike the idea of this profession, for he thought he could get plenty of bits of cloth to make new costumes. His mother had married again; his stepfather paid him no attention, and Hans' leisure hours were spent with his books and his theatre, or in wandering in the woods alone.

An old coat of his father's was cut up to dress him for Confirmation; in this, with a pair of new creaking boots, Hans felt as vain as the little Karen in his own story, who could not help thinking during the solemn service, of her dancing shoes. Confirmation in Denmark, as in Norway and Sweden, marks the beginning of grown-up life; girls go out to service, and boys are apprenticed directly after. Hans was now to go to the tailor.

But Hans had been reading the lives of poor men who became famous; he read them to his mother, and told her he himself would be like them. He had saved up some money—an enormous sum as he thought, about 30 shillings in fact! For some time past he had been employed to sing and recite at the houses of rich people, and had thus earned a little for himself.

(To be Continued.)

'READING THE LIVES OF FAMOUS MEN TO HIS MOTHER.'

A WORD IN SEASON.

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Make the Most of Yourself Whether Married or Single.

From her infancy until the day she marries every girl dwells in the shadow of the fear that she may some day be an old maid.

So great is her dread of that catastrophe happening that she sometimes rushes into matrimony with a man whom she does not love, sooner than settle down into the much-maligned state of spinsterhood.

There is only one thing to marry for, and that is love.

If you don't marry for that, you had much better remain single.

The idea of marrying simply because you feel it a disgrace to be an old maid is all nonsense.

It is no disgrace to be an old maid; it does not imply that because you are not married no one has sought you.

There is not one unmarried women in a hundred who has not had the chance of marrying.

Every woman has at least one chance, but perhaps the right man does not ask her. Or there may be other reasons.

You can be just as useful to the world unmarried as married.

There are hundreds of things the unmarried woman can do to make herself felt.

Of course, no one will say that marriage is not the happiest, most natural crown of a woman's life. What is meant is that the woman who does not marry has no right to sit down and repine over her lot.

Unmarried women have earned the title 'old maid' by the manner in which they have accepted their state of singleness.

Until the last few years a woman who did not marry was relegated by her family, her friends and herself to the indignity of back-numberdom.

She was not expected to wear pretty clothes, to care to go out or to have any particular interest in life.

Fiction made her an old maid after her twenty-seventh birthday, and housed her with a cat, a canary and a frown in a small cottage or a hall bedroom.

The woman who did not marry seemed to look on herself as a failure, and it soured her disposition. She shrunk up within herself, took no interest, excepting in a gossiping way, in the outside world, and that was the reason that the term 'old maid' came to be one of reproach and ridicule.

Nowadays, however, this is all changed. The woman who does not marry is often more broad-minded than the one who does. She goes out into the world, interests herself in people and things and cares quite as much about the hang of her skirt as though she were 18 instead of 30.

She is putting her talents to some use and can hold her own proudly before all men.

Men respect her, and her married sisters do not speak slightingly of her; on the contrary, they defer to her opinion in many matters.

Now, girls, if any of you are going to be 'old maids,' that is the kind of 'old maid' you should be.

In all probability most of you will marry. A good husband and a happy home are the best things that can come to any girl, but if by chance you should not marry, don't think your life is ruined.

Make the best of things, and be strong, splendid, brave women, making a place for yourselves.

The most beloved, most capable woman the writer has ever known is unmarried.

The people come to her for advice.

In the town where she lives nothing can be done without first consulting her.

When the time comes for her to be gathered to her fathers it is fair to predict that in all the community there will be no one more mourned than this woman, who, in spite of being an 'old maid,' has made such a noble name for herself.

Girls, make up your mind to have some interest that will help fill life.

If you do marry, it will always be something to fall back upon, and if you don't, it may be the salvation of your nature.—Philadelphia 'Evening Bulletin.'

Eat More Poultry.

Farmers should eat more of the poultry that they grow. It is nearly always a high-priced meat, but it is so very largely because when young and well-fattened the flesh is more easily digested than any other. Most of those who grow poultry content themselves, through mistaken ideas of economy, with killing for home use only those that are old, tough and unsalable. These last, however, are not to be despised, if cooked long enough over a slow fire to reduce the muscular parts to tenderness. It is time rather than great heat that is required to make all old animals good to eat, and to some tastes better than the young. All kinds of meat should be cooked long enough to make them tender. There is more nourishment in the old fowl than there is in a broiler, and if it is cooked long enough it will be quite as good.—'N. C. Advocate.'

NURSE'S SONG
When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughter is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
'Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.'
'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.'
'Well, well, go and play, till the light fades away
And then go home to bed.'
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoed.
William Blake.

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

A Young Monkey.

This little monkey was born in the crown of the highest palm tree where he was the only child of his devoted mother. Round about him swayed the delicate fans of the tree, bright clusters of blossoms and branches of fruit hung round his cradle, and the wind rocked it gently. The air was sultry, and the vast forest lay dark and quiet deep down below, with a tangle of plants covering the swampy ground. Pine apples, figs, and cocoanut palms grew there by the side of tall sugar canes. For a long time the young monkey clung to his mother's neck, till he had learned to climb alone along the swaying creepers that were slung from one tree to another, while exquisite butterflies fluttered round him and parrots greeted him with loud shrieks.

The old monkeys, his parents, took the greatest care of him, and his mother carried him down to the spring to wash his little face, which she did in spite of his screams and struggles. Sometimes, when the monkey family was resting in the heat of the day, a glistening, poisonous snake would slide noiselessly up with murder in her heart, but father monkey, always on the alert, would spy it instantly, and give the signal for flight.

The little one was well taken care of, but, on the other hand, he had to learn the strictest obedience. When a lot of old monkeys were gathered together, discussing—who knows what?—and the little one popped his inquisitive head among the bearded elders, a tremendous box on the ear was his reward, that sent him, a howling, but wiser little monkey, back to his fond mother's arms. She taught him to climb up and down the strings of twining plants, and, swinging by his tail, to seize the distant branch of a tree, and to hide behind the dark foliage. If a shadow stole over the leaves she disappeared with him, quick as lightning, into the thickest mass of creepers and showed him overhead the much feared eagle, who was ready to dive through the crowns of the trees to seize the unobservant with his deadly sharp claws.

Sometimes at night, in the forest tangle, something stirred, and two gleaming eyes glowed through the darkness. A jaguar was about to fall upon the sleeping monkeys on the tree, when they fled in terrified haste to the uttermost ends of the branches. There they hung by their tails and swung in mid-air where the robber could no longer seize them.

Another time, the mother showed her young one where the sweetest fruit and berries of the forest were to be found, and taught him how to open the nuts and how to sort the kernel from the shell. At night they listened to the wonderful concert which the other monkeys were giving in the wide crests of a giant tree, twenty at a time sitting round about in the branches with the moon for their lamp and the sparkling fire-flies and glow-worms for candles. One bearded monkey would begin with an ear-splitting howl, and sing uniformly and drearily alone for a time, till suddenly the whole chorus joined in with full strength, so that the uproar could be heard a mile off through the halls of the forest, and the sleepers about were aroused. Then the young monkey joined with the others in the song, and his mother was proud of her well-brought-up little son.—'Educational Review.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May 1, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Listeners Never Hear Any Good of Themselves.

(Carolyn Wells, in 'St. Nicholas.')

Three little crickets, sleek and black,
Whose eyes with mischief glistened.
Climbed up on one another's back
And at a keyhole listened.

The topmost one cried out, 'Oho!
I hear two people speaking!
I can't quite see them yet, and so—
I'll just continue peeking.'

Soon Dot and grandma he could see—
Tea-party they were playing;
And as he listened closely, he
Distinctly heard Dot saying:

'This pretty little table here
Will do to spread the treat on;
And I will get a cricket, dear,
For you to put your feet on.'

The cricket tumbled down with fright;
'Run for your lives, my brothers!
Fly, fly!' He scudded out of sight:
And so did both the others.

Our Daily Bread.

The bread and cake you eat at tea are made of flour by the baker, and the miller grinds this flour from the wheat which he buys from the farmer.

The farmer ploughs the field and sows little seeds of corn. A wheat seed is a tiny thing, smaller than the nail of your little finger, with a thin, hard husk, and white flour inside. In the midst of the flour there lies a very thin germ, not so big as a pin's head.

This germ sleeps in the seed like a baby sleeps in the cradle, but out of the tiny germ grows a blade as tall as a tall child, with roots and leaves below and an ear of wheat at the top. In the ear there are again many new seeds, more than the fingers on your hands, which have all sprung from the one seed which the farmer laid in the earth. The farmer sowed one sackful in the spring, but he brought home many full sacks in the autumn.

One seed is eaten by a beetle, another is carried by the field-mouse to her little ones in the mouse-hole, a third the lark eats for his breakfast, after which he sings a glorious song of thanks, and a fourth the sparrow swallows for his lunch, while the hen takes a few for her supper that she may lay another egg to-morrow. The doves and the geese have their share thrown to them and the cow and the horse enjoy their feed of corn in their stalls, but there will still be many, many grains left, and of these are made corn-flour and vermicelli, besides coarse and fine flour for people all over the world.—'Educational Review.'

'This Little Pig' in China.

The mother of a Chinese baby counts her little one's toes just as American mothers do. When the gay, embroidered shoes are taken off she pinches one tiny toe and then another, as she sings:

'This little cow eats grass, this little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water, this little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing, but just lie down all day,
We'll whip her!'

—Selected.

Why She Wasn't Happy.

Edna was cross. Nothing seemed to please her. She tore her doll's dress trying to put it on. She fell over her poor pussy, and, because she mewed, she threw her out of doors. She scolded Baby Roy when he reached for her picture book. What was the matter with Edna? Everybody wondered.

I wish I knew where our little girl is this morning,' said mamma. 'I miss her sadly.'

'Why, I'm here,' said Edna.

'My little girl has sunshine in her face,' said mamma, 'and your face is so cross and scowly. Oh! I would not like to change my little girl for you.'

'Everybody is cross to me,' said Edna, 'and nobody loves me.' And she began to cry.

'You may go into the room, Edna, and see if you can think it out,' said mamma.

Edna went into the room and sat for a long time on the floor with her face in her two small hands. Then she jumped up and ran to her mother. 'Mamma,' she said, 'I broke off the lily on the porch when I was playing with Skip, and I let you think the wind did it. I'm sorry as I can be.'

'I am very glad my little Edna is ready to own her fault,' said mamma, kissing her fondly, 'I forgive you freely.'

Then the sunshine came back to Edna's face, and she was happy again.—'S.S. Messenger.'

A Little Bird Tells.

It's strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven,
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry or sullen or hateful,
Get ugly or stupid or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house,
You may be in the dark and the silence
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! wherever it happens
The little bird tells!!

And the only contrivance to stop him,
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then—you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells!!

—'Wide Awake.'

Correspondence

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is running an evaporator, and we have made a lot of syrup. We have a dog, and his name is Gamey. We have a harness and a sleigh for him, and hitch him up often. I have three sisters and no brother. I am reading a book called 'Aesop's Fables.' We have had great fun this week. I am seven years old.

CLARENCE STIRTAN.

S. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old, and a new subscriber to your paper. I have only received two yet. I have three sisters; one is in Boston, and one is going next week. My father keeps a few sheep. We have the ferry across our river. We have a small island in the middle of the river, named Craig's Island. We keep the sheep there in the summer.

LEA A. CRAIG.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and mother has an incubator; she has it set with duck eggs now. We have a lovely little ladies' driver called Maud, and a little colt that father says is a regular little jumper. It kicks it's mother, and it is only a week old.

I have five sisters older than myself, but only two at home; and three brothers, two older than I am, and one younger. My brother and I go to school every day; it is just half a mile of a walk. I am in the fourth class, but my teacher is ill, and there is no school this week, but I hope he will soon be better for he is a fine teacher.

LOLLETA BEATTIE.
'Inglehame.'

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in the Scotch Concession two miles from school, church, and post office. Our farm is called 'Cloverdale.' We have a maple bush, a mile from home, in which we make a quantity of syrup, but then when the taffy time comes around, that's the jolly day. I go to school every day, and am in the senior fourth grade. I have a little cousin in Scotland, Alma Webster, who also gets the 'Messenger,' and likes it. I expect to see a letter from her after this.

AGNES MAY MILNE (aged 13).

I., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I live on a ranch in Alberta, and like it very much. There is quite a lot of brush around us, and one of us saw a lynx in it the other day. We have a black pony named Nig. He takes us to school often, and is so cute that he can open nearly all the gates and stable doors on the place. Sometimes he plays a trick on us when we are on his back riding through the water, and lies down in it. I have three sisters and two brothers. We all go to Sunday school every Sunday, and get nice little tickets and cards, and we enjoy it very much.

EMMA SCHAFER (aged 13).

L.S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl living on a farm about four miles from Northumberland Straits. It is very cold here in winter, but we have pleasant summers. I have only one brother, and not even one sister, but have cousins living near Boston, and some of them have come to see us every summer, which has made it very pleasant for us. My papa is in Boston now, making my uncles a short visit. We shall be glad when he comes home. I attend the Presbyterian Church, and Sunday school, andw also attend a Normal class, which meets once a week at our minister's house.

MARY DUNCAN (aged 12).

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—One of our aunts gave my brother a year's subscription to the 'Messenger' for his birthday present, and we all like it so much that he intends to take it again this year. My brother has just turned ten, and I am nine, and we have two dear little sisters aged two and four. We live in the country, and have a beautiful park in front of our house. The average attendance at our school is forty-five, taught by one teacher. My brother and I are both in the third class, and hope to pass into the fourth this summer.

DORIS PARROTT.

B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years of age. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and get the 'Messenger.' I like the little letters very much. I have no brother or sister; a cat is all the pet I have. I have never gone to day school yet. My mother teaches me at home. This is my first letter. I am going to school in May.

ROBIE L. EIMER.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The King.' William Duncan (aged 15), L. S., N.B.
2. 'The Easter Lily.' Dora Batty, S.L., Alta.
3. 'The Little Mother.' Bessie V. Galbraith (aged 11), C., N.B.
4. 'Which Hand?' Hazel Lawrence (aged 9), T., Ont.
5. 'Strawberries.' Susie Hill, C., Ont.
6. 'Writing.' William G. Matthewson (aged 9), A., Sask.
7. 'Looking at the Moon.' Maggie Munro (aged 13), T. B., N.S.
8. 'A June Rose.' Olive MacLeman, M. C., Ont.
9. 'Our Clock.' Ralph S. Barber (aged 10), A., P. E. I.
10. 'Sail Boat.' Mary E. Rogers (aged 11), H., Man.
11. 'Playing Hockey.' James Beattie, P. A., Sask.
12. 'Lighthouse at Sunset.' Miriam C. Dumbrille (aged 11), I., Ont.
13. 'On Guard.' W. M. Herald (aged 13), B. F., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

K. M. MacDonald, E. V., Que., 'comes to Grumble.' We are always glad of criticism, and glad to explain when possible. The 'rise in price' you refer to, must have been the one some three years ago, that of ten cents a year on individual subscriptions. That was found necessary on account of increase of expenditure, and we greatly regret that another larger rise in price will have to be made for our little friends in the United States on account of the new postal regulations. These things will occur, and we can only be sorry about some of their results. As to your 'plain speaking,' that's the honest way. About the other question: K. M. would like to have the letters on the correspondence page headed with the full address. The explanation why both name and address in full are not printed has been given before, and it would take too long to repeat it. However, if the correspondents think it would be more interesting to have the names of the places given instead of the names of the writers, that can easily be done. Let us hear what you all think.

Harold S., Elmvale, Ont., sends a little note with a very good drawing, that will be in some time soon.

Mae McCreary, S. F., Ont., sends several riddles, but they have been asked before.

A. L. S., Point Edward, N.S., answers both the riddles by Edith Alkins (April 26); 1, The firefly; 2, When it is ground; also A. B. P.'s riddle (May 10)—A star. There is also a riddle enclosed: What can carry five thousand pounds yet can not carry a horse nail by itself? The bible alphabet will be printed later.

Doris G. Hughes, L. S., asks a riddle that has been asked before. Doris has eight sisters and two brothers.

Sadie E. Paul, A., Ont., sends a funny little picture, and asks two riddles that have, however, been given before.

Margaret C. Ferguson, N. I., N.S., also sends riddles that have been asked before. There are only three in her class at school. That recalls a little incident: A small boy named Frank who also had only three in his class, came home one day delighted. 'I'm head of my class! I'm head of my class!' he cried. 'Well, dear, how did that happen,' said his proud mamma. 'Oh, Bobby McDonald couldn't come, and the other boy was away.' Let's hope that isn't the only way Margaret gets head of her class.

Bessie Nichol, H., Ont., asks this riddle: As I looked over my father's castle wall I saw the dead carrying away the living.

Frieda M. Lehrbass, I., Ont., is very glad she lives in the country. This is a riddle she sends: Give the first bus that ever crossed the ocean.

We also had short letters from Emily McEwan, W., Ont.; June Vandaveer, M. E., Ill.; and Catherine Slack, N., Que.

Words.

'Words are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us, there.

—Waif.

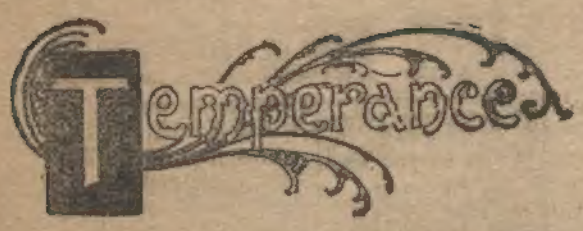
The West Forging Ahead.

It is interesting to us to note how the proportion of 'Pictorial' agents in the different provinces varies. At first, the Western boys were a bit behind. Now, they are forging ahead. They find as ready sales, make as prompt returns, as do our boys in the more thickly settled parts of the Dominion.

One boy in a rising town of Alberta, having ordered a package with a view to earning a watch, sold them so fast he decided to let the watch stay and look after his bank account. So he remits cash for them, and cash in advance for two dozen more. He says: 'They sell like mad-fire here.' That sounds hearty enough, doesn't it? And the old phrase, 'Sell like hot-cakes,' is still largely in evidence in our boys' letters

If YOU want a watch, and chain, a pen, a jack-knife, or if you want to swell your bank account, send us a postcard for a package of 'Pictorials' to start with, and a letter of instructions as to how to go about it. Do it TO-DAY.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'



Moral Backbone.

There's a man down the street who has eyes
good and strong,
And shoulders fair and broad, and legs stout
and long,
And fists that could fight, and voice that can
groan,
But alas! this poor man has not a backbone.

There are bones in the fishes that swim the
seas,
There are bones in the squirrels that climb
the trees,
There's a spine in a goose or a common
brown hen,
But where are the backbones of Temperance
men?

I think he's a merchant and sits over there,
He knows things are wrong, but he seems
not to care;
He might lose a dollar by fighting, you know,
But his backbone is gone, so he kneels to the
foe.

Oh, no! He's an officer, pledged to enforce
The laws of the land, as a matter of course;
But he passes saloons with a tightly shut eye;
He has no backbone, and his oath is a lie.

A 'Sunday school man?' Oh, he couldn't be
that!
He teaches God's word, and must know 'where
he's at,'
And he can't be a preacher. You never could
think
That Jesus would vote for a license of drink.

It is just that old fellow a-sitting right there,
In a plain common way, in a plain common
chair,
He votes for the licence that makes widows
moan,
Because he is lacking in moral backbone.

—'Kansas Leader.'

Danger! Keep Out!

These were the words painted on the rear end of a mammoth automobile used as a brewery delivery waggon. As it sped down one of Chicago's principal West Side streets any sane person who had the least idea of the destructive power of the stuff it delivered from place to place would not have to be told there was danger to him. Danger—keep off the brewery waggon. All ye drunkards, heed it! All ye young men, take warning! ! There is danger on that waggon; there are barrels of danger there. All along the line this waggon delivers some of its dangers. If men only knew what dangerous stuff this is, would they not let it alone? Yet they have no excuse for not knowing, for every slum, with its beggars, every hospital with its patients, every asylum with its inmates, every cemetery with its graves, testifies to its danger. Some day we shall read upon every saloon door, 'Danger; keep out!' We hope that every Christian reads it now.—'National Advocate.'

Rhyme and Reason.

If you would take a job that's risky,
By all means keep away from whiskey,
If you from danger points would steer,
Be sure to keep away from beer.
Wherever you take a drink of gin,
You swallow down a dose of sin.
When tempted to a glass of rum,
Remember that it rhymes with bum.
Wherever there's a glass of brandy,
Be sure you'll find the devil handy.
He also hands you out his card,
Whenever your cider waxes hard.

—'Rural New Yorker.'

Danish Temperance Posters.

Here is a copy of a poster drawn up by a number of Danish physicians and which had been put up in all railway stations throughout the country.

To the Danish People:

Alcohol is a stupefying poison.

Alcohol is the cause of many mental diseases and of most of the crimes.

Every seventh man in Denmark dies of drink.

In the struggle for temperance, abstinence is the safest weapon.

Abstinence never injures a man. Sure is the hand and clear is the thought of him who never drinks spirits.

If you wish to make your people happy, increase their prosperity, build up their homes, advance the interests of your country, and make the race sound in body and in mind, become a total abstainer.

A Grave-Digger's Testimony.

'What tools are oftenest used in digging graves?' inquired a gentleman of an aged grave-digger. 'Sir,' replied the old sexton, 'there are different ways, and I've seen people who dug graves, most if not all, of those ways; but, sir, if you look through even this quiet village, you will find that the commonest way of doing it is for people to dig their own graves, and that with gin, rum, brandy and whiskey!'

Alcohol Distinctly a Poison.

The point with regard to alcohol is simple enough. It is, of course, distinctly a poison, and it as a poison, like other poisons, has certain uses; but the limitations of the use of alcohol should be as strict as the limitations of the use of any other kind of poison. Moreover, it is a curiously insidious poison, in that it produces effects which seem to have only one antidote—alcohol again. This applies to another drug equally as insidious, and that is morphia or opium. Unfortunately, the term poison is by no means an exaggerated one, when it is realized that with alcohol as drunk by the majority of the poorer classes is mixed a virulent poison in the form of fusil oil.—Sir F. Treves.

A Court Room Scene.

Did you ever hear of a scene in a court room like the following?

A young man is brought into the court and charged with stealing a horse.

'Do you plead guilty or not guilty?'

He replies, 'If I had not stolen the horse some other man would.'

The court replies: 'That has nothing to do with the question. It is a simple question of fact; are you guilty or not guilty?'

The prisoner replies, 'People have always stolen horses, and always will, and it is not fair to pitch on me.'

The court indignantly puts the question the third time, 'Are you guilty or not guilty?'

The prisoner answers: 'Suppose I am, what are you going to do about it? All prohibitory laws have failed. Persons steal everywhere. You cannot stop it. Prohibition is a failure. Let me tell you what I will do. If you let me go, and give me permission to steal, I will give you half the money I received for the horse.—'The American Issue.'

Religious Notes.

It is proposed to raise $100,000 to build, in honor of the centenary of Robert Morrison's going to China, a Y. M. C. A. and mission building in Canton.

The London board of trade gives elaborate statistical tables showing a considerable decrease in the amount of liquor drunk in Great Britain during the past eight or ten years.

The sad events of eleven years ago cast upon the American missionaries at Harpott the care of some fourteen hundred pitiable orphans. Of the four hundred who still remain a fourth are engaged in the industries that have been started, and the rest attend school. Forty of the latter are in Euphrates College. Our first orphan boy graduated from the college last June, and is now at the head of the High School in a large village. Another young man is preparing to be a preacher. Twenty-five boys and girls are helping themselves by teaching in the villages.

The Evangelical Church organs in Austria report large accessions of members and congregations during 1906, mostly accruing from the 'Los Van Rome,' movement which is now in its tenth year. Evangelical services were held for the first time in sixteen places in Bohemia, Styria, Lower Austria and Karinthia, and as many centres of religious instructions were established. The number of German parishes organized since 1898 rose to thirty. The number of places named where churches have been built, acquired, restored, or begun and where parsonages, schools and health institutions have been erected betokens great activity in that direction. A more active and vigorous church life is also depicted as going on in several communities affected by the movement and further the entrance of the Salvation Army upon Austrian soil is mentioned.

The Medical Missionary Work in India has become large. Statistics are published by the Indian Medical Missionary Association showing that last year more than two million patients were attended and 54,398 operations were performed by medical missionaries; while the number of missionaries trained in the western medical schools has increased from 140 ten years ago to more than 300, of whom 120 are men and the rest women.

The Yale Mission in China adopted the name Ya Li as the nearest approach to the name of its 'alma mater' and its translation means 'elegant proprieties,' giving a hint in its very inception of the tact which shows itself in conformity to Chinese customs and needs as far as possible. A fine property on a business street makes the basis for the preparatory school which shall be a feeder to the coming college. The grade is that of an American high school, with a four years' course. The entrance examinations covered Chinese. The College purposes to keep Sunday and hold religious exercises thereon; nevertheless its students have full liberty to follow their own religion. 'Their Majesties' birthdays are observed as holidays, also Christmas and the birthday of Confucius. The students are told not to affect European dress but wear their native costume, and they are required to keep their heads well shaved and their queues properly brushed, so that the college may be creditably represented by their appearance.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: Mrs. Wm. and Miss Agnes Mundell, Glenannan, Ont., $1.00; J. S. Mudgett, Bethlehem, N.Y., 85c.; Jas. Kerr, Seymour, $2.00; Geo. Kerr, Seymour, $5.00; M. C., Montreal, $1.00; B. Colquhoun, $3.00; A. S. C., $1.00; Total $13.85

Received for the cots: Mrs. Macfarlane, Raleigh, Ont., 50c.; Wm. Jas. Smillie, Inwood, Ont., $1.00; M. S. S., Charlottetown, P. E. I., $1.00; Total $2.50

Received for the komatik: Wm. Jas. Smillie, Inwood, Ont., $1.00; Mrs. Wm. and Miss Agnes Mundell, Glenannan, Ont., $1.00; Total $2.00

Previously acknowledged for the launch	$330.52
Previously acknowledged for the cots	19.50
Previously acknowledged for the Komatik	29.25
Total received up to May 7	$397.62

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik or cots.

Don't Miss Seeing the 'Canadian Pictorial,' for May. Ask for it at your newsdealers. Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year

HOUSEHOLD.

'Mother.'

(Robert J. Burdette, in the 'S. S. Times.')

I have known many women who have brought the picture of the Christ into my thought as I noted their daily work. Smiling over the humblest service. That's mother. Cheerfully doing the things of which the rest of us have said, 'You catch me!' That's mother. After the long, long day's work,—five or six to seven hours over union time,—girding herself and kneeling to wash the feet of guests that were unworthy to cross the threshold of her sweet home. That's mother. Sinking into a chair, weary and faint, only to rise from it with the unfailing smile on her dear, tired face, to wait on some man who has worked eight hours that day; or to mend a jacket or catcher's mitt for a boy who has played all day; or to sew on a bit of lace or adjust a ribbon or change something about a gown for a girl who has had such a good time all day that she can't stop, but must go out for a better time in the evening. That's mother, Sacrificing this hope, that comfort, and that rest, for people who forget to say 'thank you.' That's mother. Laying off her wraps and staying home from prayer-meeting or church because somebody else danced herself or played himself into a headache. That's mother. Getting accustomed to hear the rest of the family say, as they get ready for the evening's entertainment: 'Oh, no, mother doesn't care to go. Church and prayer-meeting are mother's only dissipations.' Well, those are about all some families allow her. They don't cost anything, and the rest of the family don't want to go.

Cleanly Housekeeping.

Housekeepers have, according to experts, a great deal yet to learn in the way of cleanly housekeeping. They have admitted that the cloth duster is to be preferred to the feather stirrer-up of dust, but too many still get no further in the application of this knowledge. A cloth duster must be kept clean, but housemaids and housekeepers may be seen at almost any time wiping over furniture and other surfaces with cloths so heavy with dust that they shed more than they take up. It is a good plan to put duster bags, made of some washable material, on every floor in the house. In these the dusters should be kept and there is nothing better for dusting purposes, as has been often said, than the cheap, sleazy cheesecloth. After every use these cloths should be washed out, scalded two or three times a week and quickly dried before they are returned to the dust bags. The bags in their turn should be frequently laundered. Some housekeepers will arise at this juncture, probably, to protest against the effort needed to keep housemaids from a reckless waste of dust-cloths. The average girl asks perennially for cleaning cloths and looks upon them as she does waste paper, keeping them till they are filthy, then throwing them away as useless. It is admitted that it takes patient persistence and much reiteration of precept and example to counteract this tendency. The subject seems trivial, but is really a most important one, uncared for dust cloths being a prolific source of danger in the household.—Selected.

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